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For the Myrtle.

Baby Fingers.

TINY baby fingers
Dimpled, soft, and white,
Restlessly in motion
As a bird in flight,
Fairy fluttering fingers,
Reaching here and there,
Sweet as crumpled rose-leaves,
Dimpled, soft and fair.

Busy baby fingers
Have so much to do.—
Patting cakes for mamma,
Throwing kisses too,
Reaching after sunbeams,
Grasping empty air,
Clutching papa's whiskers,
Pulling sister's hair.

Darling baby fingers
Still at last in rest,
Mamma kisses softly,
Clasps them to her breast.
Precious little fingers
So very frail and small,
What a mighty power of love
You hold fast withal! *Sarah G. Duley.*

Prayer of a Child.

LORD, look upon a little child,
And teach me how to pray;
Make me obedient, gentle, mild,
And lead me day by day.

Keep me from every sort of harm,
From every thought of ill;
Protect me with thy guiding arm,
And make me do thy will.

So may I grow up year by year,
May I increase in grace,
That, when my work is finished here,
I may behold thy face.

Lord, without thee I could not live,
Without thee fear to die;
Oh, then, thy blessed Spirit give
When my last hour draws nigh!

For the Myrtle.

Much From Little.

CHAPTER I.

COME, Franky. Let us go for a walk. The day is too beautiful to be let to pass unenjoyed.

This was what Mrs. Green said to her son, one fine June morning after he was washed and dressed and had eaten a good substantial breakfast; for the fine cool day had given him an appetite.

"Where shall we go?" he replied. "I am quite ready for any fun that is going."

"I don't know until we get started, where we will go."

"Do you know any thing about this place?" Franky asked.

"I know very little about it. I stopped here once over night, years ago, when I was journeying with my father as we are journeying now."

"What did you see here then?"

"I saw scarcely anything. For as I told you we stopped only over night, and were up and away with the early morning. I remember very little about it. But I think there is iron mining done here."

"It seems to me there are mines in a great many places in Sweden."

I ought to pause here to tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Green were making a foreign tour with their son Franky; and as they had wealth and leisure, they visited most of the countries of Europe and

travelled deliberately through them, with a real intent to get knowledge.

Most Americans who go abroad, see very little, and learn very little by what they do see; because they go so hastily, and hurrying from place to place, they rush across the Continent, and recross the sea having only indistinct memories of travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Green were not, as I have said of this class of travellers. They passed very slowly from place to place, stopping long enough at each, to see what ever could interest, or instruct them.

They had been some months in Europe, had seen Germany and France pretty thoroughly, and had now passed into Sweden—a country not much visited by American travellers, but yet full of interest to those who find it out.

Franky was delighted with every thing new that they found by the way.

They had been at Fahlun the week before, and he had been very much interested in the copper mines there.

This was the reason of his saying:

"It seems to me that there are mines in a great many places in Sweden."

"Yes, there are," his mother replied. "But you do not know this yet by experience, as we have visited but three places since we came into Sweden."

"Well there have been mines in two of the three."

"Yes, copper mines. But I believe we have not found iron mines before."

"Are there more copper than iron mines in Sweden?"

"No I think there is much more iron than copper exported from here. The iron from the Swedish mines makes the best cast steel of any in Europe."

"What do you mean by its making the best steel. Don't they get steel out of mines as they get iron and copper?"

"Why, no my boy they make steel out of iron."

"How mother?"

"By a process of heating and hammering." and tempering.

"Why how mother? I cannot understand how one metal can be made into another, by heating and hammering."

"Why heat can make water out of ice, and steam out of water, and these are quite as different from each other, as steel is from iron."

"Well, is the heating and hammering all that is done to make the steel?"

"No, I had only begun to tell you about the process. There is a mixture of carbon with the iron."

"Why you talk about mixing iron, as if it were soft and could be used as you do eggs and sugar when you stir them together in a bowl."

"No I don't think I said anything about stirring iron and carbon together, did I."

"I don't know that you used the word *stir*, but you said *mix* them together."

"Well the way in which they are mixed is this. Alternate layers of malleable iron, and charcoal powder, are put into a furnace. The furnace is kept heated to a very high heat, for eight or ten days, and then when it is opened they take out from it what they call blistered steel.'

"Why do they call it blistered?"

"I will answer one question by asking another. Why do you call your finger blistered when it has been against the stove?"

"Because, there is a little bag with water in it rises up on the skin."

"Well, that is the reason they call it blistered steel, because there are blisters all over the surface of it."

"Is that all that makes steel of the iron?"

"No, I have told you that it goes through a process then of hammering, and for cast-steel they fuse the blistered steel."

"What do you mean by fuse, mother?"

"I mean melting. When a solid body is made liquid by heat, we speak of it as having been fused."

"You don't speak of ice as having been fused when it is melted to water, do you?"

"No we do not speak of ice in this way, because it is more common to say, it has been melted. But the word fuse is used when we speak of metals or stone, or any other very hard substance. I may say melt ice, but I should say fuse iron, if it had gone through the same process of changing from solid to liquid."

"Oh I should like to see iron or any other metal fused."

"Have you never seen molten metal?"

"Never."

"Well I will take you some time into a furnace, and you shall see men dipping up molten metal with ladles, as you dip water from a pail."

"How could we live if we went into a furnace?

I have read in the Bible about men being cast into a furnace and coming out alive. But my Sunday School teacher told me that that was a miracle."

"Oh" said Mrs. Green laughing, "not all furnaces are like the one into which Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego were cast. I should not not wish to invite you into a fiery furnace."

"Why, if the furnaces that you said we would go into, are not hot, how can they fuse metal in them?"

"We use the word furnace now in a little different sense. The great buildings wherein they keep these terrible hot fires, are called furnaces. But the whole inside of the building is not as hot as the places where the metal is melted."

"Can you go into the building without being burned?"

"Oh yes, certainly. Men work in these furnaces day and night."

"And do the fires never go out?"

"I suppose it would be hardly the truth to say that they never go out. Of course they sometime go out, but these times are the exceptions. The rule is to keep the fires burning."

"I should like very much to see them. I wonder if there are any furnaces here."

"I hardly think there are. But we can find out by inquiring."

"Why do you think there are none. If you have never stopped here, I don't see how you can know whether there are or not."

"I did not say that I knew. But we often have a well founded opinion about a thing without having positive knowledge."

"What do you mean by our having a well founded opinion?"

"Why, I can explain to you by this case. I have an opinion that there are no furnaces here. The opinion is made from this fact. It is not usual where there are mines, and the men are occupied in getting the metal out from the earth or rock for them to build furnaces on the spot for the working of the ore.

This is more often done in other places, where the metal is carried, to furnish employment for other laborers."

"We shall find furnaces in some places in Sweden, shall we not?"

"I think so. But we must go now for our walk or we shall lose all the time that we are here, and not see the mines at all."

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

Twilight.

OVER the grassy meadows,
Mottled with light and shade;
Flecked with a thousand flowers,
E'en as the sloping shade;
Over the wastes and moorlands,
Over the river free,
Sending its singing waters,
Down to the open sea;
Over the country forest,
Over the busy town,
Mellowing gleams of twilight,
Silently cometh down.

After the yellow twilight,
Gleaming upon the spire;
Flashing on polished windows,
Streams of its golden fire,
Cometh the gray dull shadow,
Deepening into gloom;
Over the village steeple,
Tipped with its gilded plume,
Over the looming hilltops,
Over the mountain's peak,
Over the misty moorlands,
Dreary, and cold, and bleak.

After the gloom of midnight
Cometh the sun's red ray;
Morning, with all its splendor,
Ushering in the day.
So when life's sorrows gather,
Shadowing heart and brain,
God will soon lift the curtain,
Joy will soon banish pain.
Never so dark the shadow
Jesus could not dispel;
Trust Him who, fainting brother,
Surely doth all things well.

Mrs. M. J. Smith.

Illustration.

A good man, John Falk, who lived across the ocean, used to give suppers and lodgings to poor boys. At the table they always asked this blessing:—"Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast provided."

A little fellow, who had often heard this, asked one night,—"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes?"

"Dear child," said John Falk, "you may be sure he will come, for he hears our prayers."

Just then a knock came at the door. A poor, ragged, half-frozen boy came in. The little fellow, who had been asking for Jesus, looked disappointed for a moment, and then ran to Falk, saying:—

"Jesus could not come himself, and so he sent this poor boy in his place, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear child," said Falk. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"—*Kind Words.*

For the Myrtle.

The Commandments.

"Ye shall teach them unto your children."

GRANDMOTHER, sitting her friends among,
Reads tremulously and slow,
The story of what is right and wrong,
That the world heard long ago.

The father and mother bend to hear
And anew life's duties read;
And the child who listens drops a tear
For his latest small misdeed.

Only the little one sunk to rest
In a slumber sweet and deep,
Has no sins or troubles unconfessed
In his heart their strife to keep.

And he will wake to the story soon,
Of what is wrong and right,—
The tale that begins when life is begun,
And never ends till its night.

H. A. B.

Bessie's Garden.

"In little Bessie's garden
Grew all sorts of posies:
There were pinks and mignonette,
And tulips too, and roses.

There the bees went for honey;
There the birds sipped the dew;
And there pretty butterflies
In gayest dresses flew."

For the Myrtle.

Our Tool-Shop.

say *our* tool-shop, though I had small part in it, except as a looker-on. It belonged of course to the boys, and more especially to Selwyn, who was the "genius" of the family in the matter of tools.

Our tool-shop was in the saddle-room. The saddle-room brought its name down from old times when our grandfathers and grandmothers and all their friends used to ride on horse-back wherever they went. And this room was built, in a part of the barn, for saddles and blankets and "pillions" and harnesses,—oh, a horse had as many trappings in those days as a modern young lady has! But the saddle-room had long passed out of this use, except for the three or four harnesses that hung in the corner. So there was plenty of room by the window in front for our tool-shop.

There was a large work-bench with a "vise" at one end: there were saws and planes and "shaves"; there were hammers and "claws"; there were cases of augers and cases of chisels and cases of gimlets. In fact it was and is a mystery how the boys ever got so many tools together, for nobody ever bought any but themselves, and spending-money was not so flush then as now. I am afraid most of Selwyn's sweetmeats went into his tool-chest.

And the things that were made in that tool-shop would make a long list. The earliest that I remember were baby-chairs and tables and bedsteads. On the whole, quite a respectable baby-house was furnished from that shop, and a thousand times more comfort taken with it than if everything had been bought from a store. Every new article was a sort of miracle. I watched it grow with anxiety and wonder, and was never quite sure it would turn out anything till all was done, when it was always so much better than I expected. Ah, we learned a golden lesson very early, in that tool-shop,—that working for a thing long and hard made it all the dearer when we got it!

After baby-house furniture came wind-mills and water wheels. Every barn and shed about the "premises" had soon a "wind-mill" on the most exposed corner, for a weather-vane. In

fact the wind-mill was not much of a mill; it did not grind anything, or saw anything or churn anything but the wind. But it was so called because its fan-like arms went around with the wind just like those real wind-driven mills in the foreign lands whose pictures we have all seen.

But the water-wheel was more wonderful than the wind-mill. Selwyn shut himself up to do that, and would not let us know what was going on. He had studied the great undershot wheel at the grist-mill until he saw how it worked, and then he went to work to make one like it, only as small almost as a patent-office model. Sessions—of one—were held with closed doors at the tool-shop, and there was great mystery and secrecy for the space of three weeks.

"When I give a war-whoop," said Selwyn one morning, "everybody come to the window next the duck-brook." The duck-brook ran by the corner of the house close to a back window. We just *made* ourselves stay away from the window, we little ones, until the war-whoop sounded. Then how we rushed! There was Selwyn swinging his hat and giving "three cheers for the water-wheel!" and the water-wheel was flying

with all its little might, round and round, with a wonderful little clatter and splash, just in the edge of the duck-brook.

That was a proud hour for us all when we first had a wheel of our own running by water. But soon Selwyn was not contented to have it waste its little force just in turning around. So he studied the saw-mill and found just how the turning of the wheel made the saw go up and down, and then there was more tinkering in the tool-shop. He took one of the little fine saws that had a broken handle and set it in a square frame like a slate-frame, and attached it to the axle of the wheel,—I am ashamed to say I have forgotten just *how* it went—and then one morning we had a real little saw-mill out in the brook, going up and down like a little fury! We never set it to doing very hard work, but it sawed many a stick and shingle for the entertainment of our audience in the window.

But we didn't want the little wheel to run all the time, so Selwyn built a dam, with a gate, just as they had at the saw-mill. So we could let the water on and off our little mill just when we pleased.

Selwyn's next plan was to make a saw-mill that would run by wind, and the largest windmill we ever had was made for that purpose. It went very well when we didn't try to saw with it, but it was never so grand a success as the water-wheel. In fact, although Selwyn has ground at many mills since, I doubt if any has ever given him more enjoyment than that.

Some time I will tell you of other things that came out of our tool-shop. *H. A. B.*

The Little Girl's Speech.

So you like the smell of a good cigar, do you? Well, I have heard young ladies say so before; but I always thought, if I was in their place, I would not tell of it. Whatever you may say, nobody will think you like the dirty thing for its own sake. Why, it almost strangles me! And after my papa has been smoking, I would almost rather he would not kiss me, sometimes. I don't believe he would want to kiss me if he should smell tobacco-smoke in my breath; I am sure he would not call me his rose-bud again very soon. I am very certain men don't like tobacco-breaths in other people. I wonder if that is the reason they don't kiss each other.

How do I know they don't like tobacco-smoke? Well, I can read some; and don't I see "No smoking" up around in ever so many places? And, when I asked my papa what they did that for, he said, because it was not nice to have tobacco-smoke from other people's mouths puffed into our faces. My papa said that himself. And then, on the ferry-boat, I see the men come flocking into the ladies' cabin because their own is full of tobacco-smoke; but I don't see any ladies go into the men's cabin to get the smell of the smoke. And they don't scent their handkerchiefs with it, nor put it into bouquets. I should think, if they liked it so well, they would have essence of smoke among their coglone-bottles.

Nobody will make me believe that a clean, sweet young lady cares any thing about the smell of a cigar, unless there is a man behind it. And the men don't believe it, either. They may not think so: but they keep a-thinking; and they think you say it to please them, the egotistical fellows!

The Lame Boy's Pets.

The school is out. A merry throng
Bound o'er the meadows, wild and free,
Like bees that hum thier summer-song.
One follows slowly,—lame is he.

High flies the ball: hands, feet, are quick;
'Tis caught! How loud the shout of glee!
The poor lame boy, with aspect meek,
Along the bank limps quietly.

"With all the rest you'd gladly roam!"
"Oh, no, sir!" smiling answers he.
"Playmates enough I have at home:
You'll hear them calling after me."

"I have a starling who can speak;
He'll bid me welcome, I can tell:
My linnet's leg is far from weak;
He draws his bucket from the well."

"But, when your schooling-time is past,
Some trade you'll have to choose, you'll see."
"I'll cobble shoes, and have a last:
No matter then how lame I be.

"Money I'll get when I grow ta'l,
And birds I'll buy for company;
While working I shall hear them all,
Nor will my lame leg trouble me."

Now peering from the cottage-door
His mother's smiling face I see:
She loves her puny cripple more
Than if his limbs were strong and free.

The linnet sang: the starling came
And welcomed him with voice of glee.
I turned away, and owned with shame
That poor lame boy had tutored me.

Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fishes do not find it, God will.

Our Sunday Schools.

RHODE ISLAND.

—The Sunday School, of the first church at Providence, under the care of Br. C. E. Carpenter, is flourishing; new members have been added, while the old ones are working with fresh zeal. The Infant Class numbers nearly forty "Pets of the Household," the youngest member being only three years old, who has his "verse" every Sunday, and is a constant attendant at church.

CONNECTICUT.

—The Sunday School in Hartford has had in preparation for several months the cantata "Fairy Grotto," to be given as an entertainment the first or second week in May.
This School has long been noted for excellent singing, but this is intended to surpass all their former entertainments.

NEW YORK.

—The Sunday School connected with the Bleecker Street Church, New York City, gave its thirty-fifth annual exhibition on the evenings of April 9th and 10th. The exhibitions of this flourishing School have always commanded a crowded house, the interest increasing instead of diminishing as the decades roll around. This last was no exception to the rule, every part of the church being filled with interested listeners, and the pecuniary results being entirely satisfactory.

—In Greenport L. I., the pastor has a large Bible class, most of whom are already or will soon be members of the church. On Easter Sunday five children received the rite of baptism.

INDIANA.

—"Why do we not hear from our Indinna Schoosl? writes a friend. Rev. M. G. Mitchell writes from his School at Oakland;" The Sunday School under the superintendency of an untiring worker in all that pertains to the interest of the cause we all love, is one of the best and liveliest schools in the West. We are molding a large class of the very best young men and women, ah! and children too, to take their places in the Church of the near future. True, we have no excitement. There need be none where all are working all the time. We have grown gradually to about one hundred members, beginning some two or three years ago with twelve. Our Sunday School is the largest in the town. And while all kinds of petty opposition is met from opposers, none of these things move them. "Excelsior" is the word inscribed on our banner. We us to win. He also says of the new church at Abington, "We hope to dedicate in May, and want to organize a society and Sunday School at once."

—In Muncie the Sunday School is prosperous, with an average attendance of over a hundred.

ILLINOIS.

—The children of our parish at Avon, recently got up an exhibition among themselves. Those engaged in the enterprise were only eight or ten years old. They were so successful that they were asked to repeat it, and did so, receiving quite a sum for the benefit of the Sunday School.

MINNESOTA.

—The attendance at our Sunday School in Anoka, with the church only a year old, is from sixty to seventy.

A Thought for Teachers.

An able minister in Indianapolis lately gave an admirable address on Sunday School teaching. He tried in this way to make the teachers see how they ought to feel towards the little ones who come to them for instruction. He said: "A half-witted fellow—or a 'natural,' as the Scotch would call him—found a missing horse, when all other search for him had failed, and a liberal reward had been offered for his recovery. On his bringing back the horse to his owner, the question was asked of the simple-minded fellow: 'Why, Sam, how came you to find the horse, when no one else could?' 'Wal, I just 'quired where the horse was seen last, and then I went thar, and sat on a rock; and I just axed mysel', if I was a horse, whar would I go and what would I do? And then I went and found him.' Sam's putting himself in the horse's place, in the simplicity of his feeble mind, enabled him to go to the horse and lead him back to his right place again. It would be well if every Sunday School teacher, before sitting down to a class of children, would ask himself, after Sam's sort: 'If I was a boy, how would I feel and what would I want?' He would thus be far more likely to get a hold on those boys and bring them with him wherever he pleased to go."

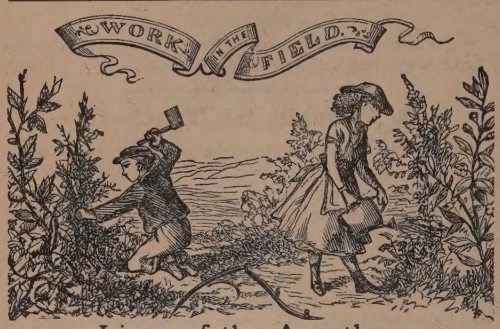
Instinct in Animals.

God seems to have revealed himself even to animals, in giving them their instincts. Instinct tells the young sparrow that it was made to fly, and the duckling that it was made to swim in the water. The philosopher Galen once took a young kid, and before it had tasted any food, brought it into a room where there were many vessels, some filled with milk, some with water, some with various other liquors, and some with grain and fruit. After a while the kid had strength enough to get upon its feet, and the spectators looked on with great interest to see what it would do. They saw it approach the liquors, grain and fruit placed around the room, and having smelt all of them, at last began to sup the milk! Here instinct told the kid that he was made to eat milk; that milk was his proper food; and instinct told the truth. Instinct sends the migratory birds away upon long voyages in the air, often stretching across portions of the sea, assuring them that, without a chart or compass, they shall go in safety and find a favored land; and instinct tells them the truth. Thus God makes a revelation to the animal creation, such as they need, even as he has made one to mankind, such as they need. How wise and kind is he!

We are God's.

Yes, we all belong to God. "It is he that made us and not we ourselves." And God asks our service because we are his. He asks this service of all men, because all men belong to him, as he says, "Behold all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine." God asks this service of us because he loves us and desires our happiness. He knows that we cannot be truly happy unless we know, and love, and serve him. Much of the misery and loss now in the world comes in consequence of the neglect of men to give God their service. All such transgressors will suffer loss so long as they are in rebellion against him. "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

All souls belong to God, and must come to him at last. Whenever this question comes to you, young reader, "Why should I serve God?" remember the answer, "Because I belong to him, and he will claim my service, my life, all my powers, forever."



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON IX.—PETER.

Question. — Who of the apostles, were sent to the Samaritans?

Answer. — Acts viii. 14.

NOTE. Considering the enmity between the Jews and Samaritans, which was so great that they would not give to one another a drink of water, it was a wonderful step for the believers to send missionaries to the Samaritans; and this action shows the power of him who came to be the Saviour of the world.

Q. — Who was dead in Joppa?

A. — Acts ix. 36.

Q. — What was the character of this woman?

A. — Acts ix. 36.

Q. — Why was Peter sent for?

A. — Acts ix. 38, 40.

Q. — Who was living in Cæsarea at the time?

A. — Acts x. 2.

NOTE. Although Cornelius was a Roman soldier, and was sent from Italy to assist in keeping the Jews in subjection, he adopted the religion of those he was sent to keep in subjection. Yet he could go no further into the Temple than the court of the Gentiles, for he was not a Jew. To go into the Temple with the Jews, it was necessay for him not only to change his religion, but also to change his nation. No doubt he was proud of Rome and of Roman citizenship, and he could not easily give them up and become a Jew. And he seems to have been praying that there might be some way by which he could enjoy all the privileges of a Jew without giving up his native land.

Q. — What was Cornelius instructed to do in the vision, when he prayed?

A. — Acts x. 5.

Q. — Where was Peter when these men arrived at his stopping place in Joppa?

A. — Acts x. 9.

NOTE. The sixth hour was twelve o'clock.

Q. — What was his condition at this time?

A. — Acts x. 10.

Q. — What happened to him while he was waiting for his noon meal?

A. — Acts x. 10.

Q. — What did he see in vision?

A. — Acts x. 11, 12.

Q. — What was Peter asked to do?

A. — Acts x. 13.

Q. — Did he do so?

A. — Acts x. 14.

Q. — What was he told not to do?

A. — Acts x. 15.

Q. — What happened while Peter was considering what the vision might mean?

A. — Acts x. 17, 18.

Q. — Did Peter go with these men to Joppa?

A. — Acts x. 23.

Q. — When Peter entered the house of Cornelius, what did he say it was not proper for a Jew to do?

A. — Acts x. 28.

Q. — But what had he been taught by the vision?

A. — Acts x. 28.

Q. — What did Peter say was a truth which he had learned?

A. — Acts x. 34, 35.

Q. — What surprised the Jews who came with Peter?

A. — Acts x. 45.

Q. — What did Peter order respecting Cornelius and members of his household?

A. — Acts x. 48.

NOTE. Within a very brief time, Peter had had some strange but heavenly experiences. Although a Jew he had given the right hand of fellowship to Samaritans, and now he receives Gentiles into the church of Christ. He has learned that Jesus is to be the Saviour of the world.

Enigma.

My first, the Jews said was their king.
My second, Paul counted first a servant, last a brother.
My third, was the mother of James.
My fourth, means "God with us."
My fifth, was a fellow helper of Paul.
My sixth, was an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.
My seventh, wrote the epistle to the Romans.
My eighth, was David's grandfather.
My ninth, was Paul's fellow laborer.
My tenth, was said to be Paul's fellow soldier.
My whole is an invitation from Jesus.

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